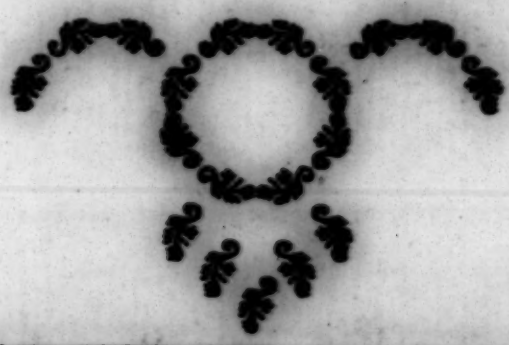


A

L E T T E R
T O H E R G R A C E
The D U C H E S S of D.
A N S W E R E D
C U R S O R I L Y,
B Y
D E M O C R I T U S.

Say, will the FALCON, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying PLUMAGE, spare the Dove.

Pope.



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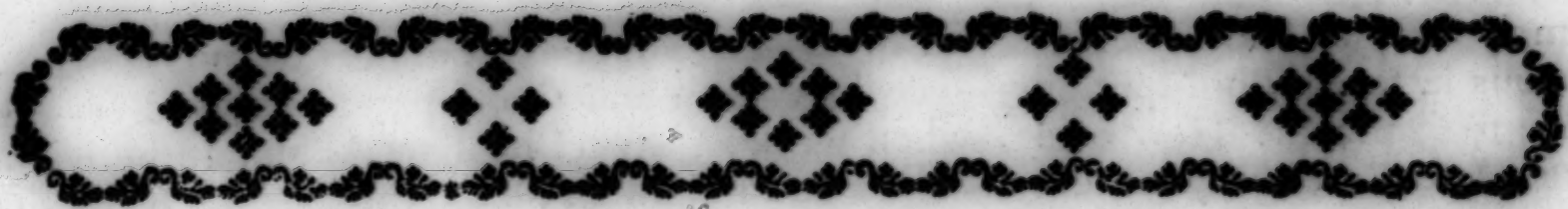
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A
L E T T E R, &c.

S I R,

I HAVE just read your letter to the Duchess of *Devonshire*. Had it found its way, into this remote part, sooner, I should sooner have had the opportunity of returning you my poor, tho' well-intended, Answer. Surely, Sir, yours is a very uncommon mode of address! It amazes me, I confess: and as it amazes me, I do assure it gives me pain. I cannot, for the life of me, conceive who you are, and if I were to guess what you are, I should still remain ignorant!—Are you, Sir, a spirit of health, or are you a goblin? Do you bring airs and counsel from heaven, or blasts and perdition from below? Under what guise would you wish to appear? Your shape is so very questionable, that I can't tell how to introduce myself to you. I cannot pretend to examine you upon gentleman-like interrogatories, for fear I should be guilty of needless propriety. And yet to conclude that you are a Black-guard, would be bringing myself in guilty of your conviction without legal evidence. As a writer you are far from contemptible: As a man—I must beg leave to suspend and with-hold my opinion of you. I own that I am extremely anxious to know your motives for an address, in my opinion, both cruel and extraordinary in its nature and consequences. If I could determine, whether you framed it from a desire to correct, what you thought the errors of a young, unexperienced woman, or from the impulse of envy, and of malevolence; then I could conclude upon what ground I should best approach you: But being in a situation so extremely distant from the Grand Theatre of news and information, I am not in the least likely to possess the materials I ought to have; therefore I must run the risk of addressing you to a very considerable disadvantage; and, however anxious you may feel for the good of society, and for the preservation of those laws by which it is maintained and supported! However solicitous you may be, thereby to promote the interests and happiness of mankind in general, or of the noble and amiable individual (to whom your letter is addressed) in particular; I am sorry to confess myself unable to give you the least credit on those considerations; and I am extremely

tremely sorry to find myself obliged to consider yours as I consider every other anonymous letter. Tho' specious---yet designing; and tho' apparently friendly---yet liable to suspicion! How often, when we least expect it, latet Anguis in herba! I must, I fear; regard your address as a real Pasquinade; and tho' it may be said to have a good meaning,---yet I fear it is now, as it was formerly at Rome; and whenever a paper was stuck up in the Piazza di Pasquino, it meant to expose its object to the utmost. It is well if your meaning, Sir, was not equally inhumane! But upon my word, Sir, tho' I am far from thinking myself a man of extraordinary sensibility, yet I look upon it as an horrid thing, that the person whom you confess to be *distinguished* by her good connections, as well as by her accomplishments, both real and adventitious, should have her name stuck up, sacrilega manu! at Charing Cross. By the way, sir, pray give me leave to accent the word 'Distinguished,' as I am very certain that her Grace's virtues will, in a proper time, not only distinguish her from others of her sex and quality, but lift her up far above the reach of all your common place and ungenerous obloquy.--I hope to view her soon, as a superior Planet---giving a steady and uniform light and lustre to that great circle of the sphere, in which she now moves, in your opinion, so ingloriously! If I have formed a wrong judgment, time will reprove me!--But, to recur to your letter.---Pray, sir, why do you begin your advice to a Duchess with a fine formal prefatory eulogy upon the liberty of the press? Do you write to the wife of a Duke in the same language as you would to the wife of a Printer? Or was you conscious that the world would condemn your mode of address to a woman of her Grace's rank and dignity in life, and therefore determine to divert their attention by a pompous compliment to the liberty of the press? Or what else could possibly justify the measure? I will readily concur with you in granting, that the press, when exercised without wantonness and cruelty, and confined to the correction of such moral or political evils as are the proper objects of its censure; in such case it may be stiled, as well the decus, as the tutamen of the laws, lives, and liberties of every subject. It is the sword that hangs up, and over-awes every monster of tyranny; and it is the scourge of depravity! But tho' it may be armed with terrors to confront a *Dionysius* or a *Nero*, surely it was not intended to terrify and insult defenceless Ladies? Surely our manly ancestors never pointed out uses so unjustifiable!--Was this to be the office of the press--the office of midwives would be useless: Every imprimatur would occasion an abortion, and the human race would be half extinguished for want of mercy in a parcel of rascally printers! No, sir, our ancestors properly used it;---you abuse it. And according to your ideas of the liberties of the press, and from the invaluable blessings which you suppose to have resulted from it, I should expect to find, in these modern times, that Religion and Virtue were in the highest state of all possible perfection;---that the goddess *Astrea* had again taken lodgings in the west end of the town; and that vice and immorality were

were sent into perpetual exile. I wish we had a prospect to flatter us into such a belief! Or if a man would attend to the notes of thundering patriots and disaffected republicans, they talk so loudly of these unspeakable benefits from the same cause as you derive them, that really, by this time, one would hope that Kings, Ministers, Placemen and Pensioners, were all enamoured of Virtue; and that Self-love and Oppression were all blown into the Adriatick sea!—But alas! this is far from being the case, if you will hear them, for the ministry they represent as the vilest set of rascals that ever sullied the annals, or history of the kingdom; that our amiable Monarch is the worst man in his own dominions; that our women are arrived at the highest state of Profligacy and Dishonour; and that old England is going head-long to the Devil! But are these, sir, the best reformatations the Liberty of the Press hath so nobly effected? How am I, sir, to reconcile such jargon, such palpable nonsense?—I cannot, sir, for I see your sweet Liberty of the Press (at least your abuse of that liberty) operating to the confusion of all decorum and good manners, to the total subversion of all subordination,—by encouraging Insolence to level all the distinctions of mankind, and bringing into general fashion those antient feasts, called *Saturnalia*, whereon every wretch had an opportunity of boasting of equality with his superiors, and of insulting them proportionably.—Neither, sir, can I passively look on, and behold you, with all your gravity, dragging one of the most noble, and amiable young women in the kingdom, to be first sacrificed, like *Iphis*, and then be stuck up in a bookseller's window, to be blackened by the jests of chimney-sweepers, old maids, link-boys, and women of the town: and then patiently see you kneel at the urn, perhaps, of her very ancestors, and return them thanks for the convenience of their invention of a Press, which qualifies you to abuse their posterity with Impunity!—Can any man, sir, tamely stand by and see this, without execrating your Folly and Insensibility!—May more humanity attend you, in your future addresses,---Oh! *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*!—But to the subject of your letter.---

Imprimis. Suppose it is the inclination of the *Duchess* of *D.* to become the first Priestess in the *Temple of Fashion*? I ask you, sir, in the words of an Epigram, *Where's the Wonder?* and I ask you further, *Where's the moral Turpitude?* Women, of all denominations, vie with each other for Excellence---some in *Dress*, some for *Beauty*, and some few, perhaps, for those Advantages which we call *Intellectual*; and still I ask you *Where's the Wonder?* Don't Men do the same? Don't they for ever sigh after pre-eminence? Kings are Men; they only become Kings by becoming High Priests in the *Temples of Fashion* and *Fame*. Much good may dominion do their Majesties, unless they rule in kingdoms more submissive, and less turbulent than old England!

But why, sir, will you rail at her Grace, for a little Vanity?—Pray, sir, which of the descendants of Adam and his wife are exempt from its sweet delusions?

dare

dare say you have your physical proportion of Vanity in common with your fellow-creatures, if one could but touch your Key-Note. I am sure you have; and now you are advising a young lively woman to do what nature never intended (at the beginning of life) should be undertaken: I dare say you expect to see your notions adopted; and I dare say, likewise, that you will be hurt to find the modern opinions of the age don't at all quadrate with your more antient ones.

Now, sir, I attend you to that passage where the Duchess passes from the restraints of childhood to the liberty of a married woman.---Well, sir, and is the liberty of a married lady to consist in Slavery and abstinence from lawful Pleasures? I never heard it did: All married women, in all ages of the world, worth our notice, ever expected the pleasures annexed to their qualities and circumstances.

I suppose, as you are undoubtedly a classical man, you cannot object to my making a pattern of the *Roman Ladies*, or of making a precedent, to be copied from the politest age in the world.---Don't you know then, that a writer in that famous æra in history, (the Augustan æra) says, literally thus: *Quem enim Romanorum, pudet Uxorem ducere in Convivium? Aut cujus MATERFAMILIAS non PRIMUM LOCUM tenet Oedium, atque in Celibritate versatur?* &c. Perhaps we agree in thinking, that young women marry rather too young.---But this is no argument in the present case; for as the Duchess is married, we can only hope that she may long and uninterruptedly continue so; and to which, if you will say it, I will most devoutly say *Amen!* For what otherwise can you possibly advise; or what steps would you recommend to her Grace as most becoming her situation? Would you advise her, because she has married the Duke of D. and finds herself, as it were by *Enchantment*, in the highest rank of Nobility, (as if she had been a *Cinder-wench* before she married the Duke) would you advise her, I say, to sit down seriously, at the age of about 20 years, and compose a *Leviathan*, and expatiate, like old *Hobbes*, upon the nature of Civil Government, &c. or like *Madam Guyon*, who was sacrificed for disputing with Bishops, and publishing *Reveries*, stupid and unintelligible, and by that means recommend herself, not only as a Wife, but as a Philosopher. If this were to be the scope of your recommendation, sir, a truce to all dispute with you! but you shall never educate a wife or a daughter of mine. I have a good old maiden Aunt about the age of 45, you may educate her with all my heart, and marry her afterwards to *Johnny Wilkes*, if you think proper, and the number of years proves not to be displeasing.---But to proceed---

You say her Grace's elevated station holds her forth to the particular eye and observation of mankind. Now, my dear sir, from the very repeated use you make in your letter of the verb *hold forth*, in various tenses, I really think you regard the Duchess as a Child in terms! I must confess, for my own part, that I never heard of her Grace's being held out to the observation of mankind, 'till you took the liberty of holding her out in your most unexpected letter. What authority you had to do so, I cannot learn; unless you was *Nursery Maid* to her in the days of innocence

innocence and simplicity, which you allude to: and yet I think if you had been in that office, you would have shewn more regard and tenderness than I can discover in your sermon to her. Nay, even old surly *Juvenal* would have made her Grace a more indulgent nurse than you; and tho' he might see her Imperfections in as clear a light as yourself, his Exclamation would only have been, *Dones tamen ista puellis!* Then pray, sir, don't let a Heathen stand in competition with you. Make a suitable apology, and tell the world how much more easy it is, to be *satirical* than humane!

You say the wise and prudent seem to expect her Grace to erect a *Standard of Virtue*, for the purposes mentioned in your letter. Pray, sir, suffer me to be so impertinent, as to tell the wise and prudent, that if they will be kind enough to continue without Foibles of their own, the Duchesses will do her endeavour to follow their example. And as to the Standard you mention, it cannot be wished by the Ladies, that the Standard should be *erected*, as Ladies were never intended to serve in the Militia or Regulars.

In the next paragraph, sir, you seem to wish, by Flattery very visible, to staunch the Wound, which you suspect you have made in the Character of a reputable Woman of Fashion. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, don't make the least apology, for the Fame of the Duchesses of *D.* never can suffer for any thing you have, or can say, either in public or private.

Now, sir, you come to treat in your next paragraph upon her Grace's singularity in point of *Dress*. Here, sir, I can just smile at you, and that is all. But, really, as I am no Milliner, and as Frippery is so very poor a theme, and, in short, your whole paragraph so extremely uninteresting, your Quotation from that pedant Dr. *Young* so exceedingly mal-apropos and unnecessary, you must give me leave to pity you very cordially. I must ask the Ladies in general, whether the Duchesses, as a married woman, is under any necessity of practising all the proper submissions of her Childhood.---The Ladies are best qualified to return you their proper determinations on the score of *Passive Obedience*. Yet, in the mean time, sir, pray give your leave to the Duchesses to wear a few Feathers in her head. Pray do, sir; what can they signify. They are not forbidden in the Decalogue. Yet if it should happen that *Feathers* are proved to be the *Types* of *Sin*, surely they cannot be *heavy* ones. I believe yours, sir, is the first Anathema that ever was pronounced against a few poor painted Feathers! And I must tell you, that your asperity towards the Ladies on the subject of Feathers, *will never, sir, be a Feather in your Cap*, so long as you live. In short, sir, I shall close my comment upon your important paragraph, by assuring you, that the *Leonora* of our Play, most perfectly well knows, that, altho' *Fine Feathers make fine Birds; they cannot, alone, make happy ones.* I will forfeit my life if her Grace has not more discernment, than to draw so absurd a conclusion; notwithstanding your shallow insinuations.

Your

Your next paragraph deserves no other notice than this, that the Duke of *D.* is a very valuable man, and a good Member of Society; and neither dull nor inattentive to the Duchefs, nor to the wants of his fellow creatures.

In the next place, fir, you wish the Duchefs were proud; so (for your own particular reasons, which every one, tho' he runs, may read) you wish her Grace to possess, what I think, the worst of all human Imperfections! You know, fir, that the *Devil* suffered for his *Pride*; so must every one possessed of it, equally with him. In the Scriptures, too, we are told, that *Pride* was made not for Man; surely then the Ladies can never have a proper claim to it? But where there is *Virtue*, fir, *Pride* is an unnecessary attendant. Her Grace then, let me tell you, has *Virtue*, and such *Virtue* as I hope will eternally preserve her from the Deformity of that cursed Monster *PRIDE*. So, fir, you may take back your *Pride*, and set it to grin in the window of your Booksellers, *Fielding* and *Walker*, in *Paternoster-Row*.

Now, fir, you come to touch upon *VANITY*.—So because the Duchefs of *D.* chuses to take such Amusements as best entertain her; or, as the saying is, because her Grace chuses *to see, and be seen*, she is to be arraigned for her *Vanity*; she is to become reprehensible! as if no Woman of Fashion was in public before. Now, friend, as I regard you as some sophisticated, dull, old cross Genius or other, I must recur to my shelf for another old fusty authority, that I may the better defeat you with your own weapons. Look back, then, *Old Square Toes*, to the famous reign of *AUGUSTUS*, and even prior to that, Hark!—*In Scenam vero prodire & populo esse Spectaculo nemini in eisdem Gentibus fuit turpitudini*; and just before he says, *Nulla tam est nobilis Vidua, quæ non ad Scenam eat, mercede conducta*. Now, fir, let me conclude this article thus: If her Grace, from *Vanity*, or any other defect, should happen to become the veriest Beggar that ever ask'd an alms, I will take the liberty of recommending her Grace to *Chatsworth*, in *Derbyshire*, where *Worth* and *Virtue*, and the present Duchefs of *D.* will ever meet with the kindest reception.

Your four next paragraphs, fir, are polite and sensible; as such, my answer to them would be absurd.

To the following paragraph, I answer, That it is absurd to ask her Grace, *whether she is HAPPY*. The law suffers no one to convict himself or herself; so that we shall here plead the general Issue, as I think the Lawyers call it. You seem to hint, that it would please you better, if the Duchefs would keep better hours.—Still harping upon dading strings! What then would you have the *Children to bed, and the Goose to the Fire*.—Well, *Nurse*, don't fret yourself, because of the ungodly. I will speak to some of her Grace's Bed-chamber Women;—perhaps a little *Sweet-meats* may have your desired Effect.

You

You, I dare say, sir, go to bed early:—"Tis right,---'tis the best place for you. Sleep may correct those satirical acidities that rankle in your stomach, and give the alkali of good-nature a better opportunity of incorporating itself to your advantage when awake.

I must own with you seriously, sir, that fashionable pleasures are too often the foes of both Health and Beauty; but I am thoroughly persuaded that the Duchess will drop them before they can become injurious either to her health, her beauty, or her happiness. Suspend but your opinion a little longer, and then you will find my words are those of one truly prophetic.

Now I know that your advice would not suffer a husband to give these liberties in modern times allowed. You would say to the D. My Lord Duke, let me direct your Grace the best way of managing your Duchess.——A woman, when married, my Lord Duke, you should only consider as an Animal, not entitled to any liberty, either physical or moral; for though she may lay claim to that shadow of a shade, that faculty, called the *Will*, yet she is not at liberty to exercise it; so that the *Will*, when the freedom of *Willing* is restrained, is only like an *Egg* when the contents are blown out at one end, and nothing remains but the Name and Shell.——Or you may view a Wife as an Animal, that, by the laws of the realm, is said to be wholly *sub potestate Viri*, or in plain words, Under the guidance and direction, and subject, absolutely, to the controul and management of her Lord and Husband, and whatever restraints you choose to lay upon her; the law of nature and nations will be your justification; so that, whenever a wife is, in her conduct, displeasing to you, you will find your remedy in old JUVENAL——*Pone Scram Cobibe!* which is, in plain English, Shut her up in her room, confine her there, and clap a *tumping Padlock* on the door.——Ah! my austere Friend, how much you are deceived in your limited ideas of this modern World! Your advice may sound very well in its Theory, but how little so in Practice! If modern Husbands were to treat modern Wives with such rigour,---farewell *Happiness*---farewell *Content*! Heaven alone could foretell the consequences. No, sir, behaviour *opposite* to this is much more to be preferred. We must explode all principles intollerant and vindictive. Away with all Inhibitions. Away with all Suspicion and Jealousy. Let us only keep in the strain of the Entertainment, and Happiness will attend us.

*Be to their Faults a little blind, &c.
And clap the Padlock on their mind.*

Well, sir, to your three last paragraphs my answers shall be as brief as possible. I must confess that the human mind, though well-fortified and improved, may accidentally suffer from too much Inattention. Poisonous and impure streams may run into it, and discolour it a little; but if the source is originally clear, as it continues

tinues to run, it refines. So, fir, you will see in the case before us.-- The Duchess of D. has had her education under the eye of the most excellent parents;--this you will allow with great propriety: Therefore, depend upon it, Seeds sown like these will bring forth good fruits, and be reaped in Honor.

I have not the least doubt but the Duchess will be ever magnificent where magnificence is becoming her; that she will ever exercise the most tender feelings where real objects present themselves to her humanity: But as to the Honor and Elevation that Kings can bestow, I think her Grace, in this respect, has not much to gain, till poor Kings have more to bestow.

As to the Age's holding forth to her Grace's patronage, many of her own sex, who are eminent in Science and in Literature,---in this case I should advise the Duchess to be rather backward in her obedience to your recommendation; for as you appear to be out of humour about the Ladies Refinements, the more her Grace endeavours to improve, the more you will incline to abuse them, I am sure, from the tenor of every argument in your letter to the Duchess: Besides, as Literature and the fine Arts, have already, in the idea of respectable writers, made disturbance enough in the World, I should think that the safest way for the Ladies to avoid your censure, will be, to keep in the paths of that sphere, in which Nature seems to intend them to move, and to exercise such talents as Heaven hath given them, in the Confection and Conservation of *Marmalades* and *Elder Rob.* In short, fir, give me leave to boast and say, I dare undertake to assure you, that the Duchess of D. has so much good sense, as will ever lead her to pay that regard to the opinion of the Public, as she thinks may be due to the Public; but probably her Grace may not pay that Deference to the opinion of anonymous Letter-writers which you may think yourself intitled to.

Well, fir, I have now finished my few irregular and incoherent Answers to your Letter, and shall beg only to add a little more in favor of the Duchess of D. and of women in general.

I do not know, fir, of any creature in the Scale of Existence, concerning which, there have been more doubts, or more physical disquisitions, than there have been about *Women*. No subject ever came into the schools of this World, about which there have been such a diversity of opinions! To which side the scale preponderates, some may still disagree.

Once there was a time, when women were denied the possession of any *Merit*, or the hopes of a reward of it hereafter. Then, of course, it was urged, they had not *Souls*. The consequence of this was, that if Women appeared ever so virtuous, there was always somebody ready to construe every thing they said or did into *design* and *hypocrisy*. The common observation then was this, *aspera sibi visa, &c. rigida que imitata Sabinas, velle, sed ex alto dissimulare puta.* Prejudices violent like these, and founded upon these alone, are not even in those modern times forgotten. Yet

it is something very remarkable, at first sight, that the very Men, who by their traduction of the Women, have brought an insuperable and indelible odium upon their Characters, have always shewn themselves to have been the greatest Dupes to them. We may instance *Euripides* in days of yore, and *Boccace* in modern days, as undeniable proofs of what I have advanced.—These two men were, if history does not deceive us, licentious to the greatest degree of sensuality. How strange and unaccountable this must appear, that the very Men who have been most remarkably notorious for the Adulteration of the Female Sex, have been most severe in the Censure of them; but the Explanation appears to be this, *That Gratifications, too sensual, ever create Disgust and Satiety in the Object thus gratified; and Men, whose intercourse, because it hath been only with the worst of the Sex, have always falsely represented the best, as loathsome and undesirable.*

Again, sir, we have heard of an *Æra* when Women were in the highest degree of Estimation,—when Custom gave their Characters the most solemn, pure Consecration. At this period Women were of Consequence! All persons, who were then convicted of having spoken illiberally of the Ladies, were excluded from their Societies; in short, from all public Assemblies. They were forbidden from being present at the Tournaments, then in vogue, and if they had assurance enough to give attendance, they were ignominiously turned out.—This, sir, I regard as the most natural, as well as decent and political light, in which the World then, or at this time, can or ought to view the Fair Sex. How absurd must be the alternative! and how infernally absurd must the fool be, who told the women that they had not Souls! How dangerous must be the tendency of such a doctrine! For to deprive a Woman of this comfortable view of herself, and to inform her that her Virtue never can be rewarded, is to release her from every kind of restraint, from every moral obligation, and to abandon her to the mercy of every unwarrantable Gratification. How false, as well as impolitic, must such argument appear! Let but Women find themselves respected, and it will always be their aim to make themselves respectable.—Let us, then, make them respectable! Let us give their characters that degree of Importance which will reflect a credit upon our own! Let us teach them to shine; but let them borrow their light from every good Example, and our proper conduct towards them.

A Woman, if we come to consider her more attentively, has a very difficult part to perform, and fills a very important Character in the great Drama of *Human Society*! If she acts her part with Propriety, the Play may go off with applause; but if she forgets it, the whole is thrown into Disorder and Confusion!—The Happiness of every married Man is wholly at the Mercy of a Woman. So is his Estate likewise. No man can say, that his Estate shall devolve upon his own son and heir, without his Wife will, by her Fidelity to him, confirm the Title. No man can say whether his successor is his own son, or the son of his Coachman, till he has

had assurances from his Wife, to support his declaration. Surely then, considerations serious like these, ought to influence our conduct towards our wives, that our usage of them may secure to us, their esteem and confidence.

Nothing ought to be of a more delicate and sacred nature than the Character of a Woman! Let her once be proved *virtuous*, and every species of Veneration belongs to her! The laws ought to protect and watch over her with the nicest Circumspection! Calumny should not be allowed to breathe upon her! nor should the exquisite polish which Modesty gives her, which far surpasses the finest polish of Art that metals can receive, should not be sullied by the foul breath of Envy and Detraction. Such care as this in Husbands, would make wives surperlatively better than we can conceive. The men in every age must always form the Characters of the Women. In proportion as men degenerate, women sink into contempt and neglect, and if modern women are the vicious creatures that *Satire* has endeavoured to represent them, whence can it arise, but from the unbounded profligacy of modern fashionable Men! The truth of this axiom, may, perhaps, be more visible to our most common understandings, if you and I, (before we attempt any further censure of the Character of the Ladies) should just try to crayon out, the true portrait of a modern Fine Man.

Let us then ask in the great World, *What are the Marks of a modern well-bred Man?* Why, sir, they will answer you thus: A modern fine gentleman, must have been abroad:---He must have returned into England with a retinue of foreign servants, none of which can possibly be of use to him, unless it be that servant who takes care of the outside of his head! He must wear two watches, which, by the bye, can only excite the idea of two tumours, whose names Decency must not have disclosed. The chains of these watches must reach down to his knees, and they must carry seals in number and size, sufficient to fill a bushel. He must have an exquisite snuff-box, but he must never take it out of his pocket, or return it thither, as people did formerly. He must have a variety of cloaths, but not a suit made in the country, where he had the great misfortune to be born. He must not think as plain honest Englishmen think, who talk about Virtue and Morality, and such old stuffs as those.--Oh! no, he must not have one single good principle, not a single moral or religious idea in his sweet well-powdered head. He is an adulterer, he is a gambler, and a dancing-master; nay, really, he has such a variety of other Pantomimical Virtues, as will fill the Whole Duty of a Modern Fine Man, to be composed upon a better construction than the old-fashioned one. As to his Equipage, and every Tooth-pick Case about him, they are made in a taste so much beyond any thing our ancestors ever knew, that our Hero of Modern Times, is no more like his sincere old Grandfather, than a Monkey is to an Hackney-coachman. This being the case, how can we expect our Women to be what they ought, whilst our Men are Baboons? When Men drop from the dignity of human nature to the level with
the

the most contemptible of brutes. How pitiable the metempsychosis! But the source of one of our great misfortunes is this:—Great men in former ages of the world travelled---they improved by travelling---they innocently recommended it, therefore, as a good education to their posterity, and they thought the legacy a good one;—but how contrary to their expectation it hath proved!—Every little Gentleman now (who thinks he can afford it) whether he means his son for a Courtier or a Country Justice, sends him abroad at all events.—The boy knows nothing at all, either of the laws, the customs, or the manners or of the Genius of England. He has never been taught it, nor was he intended to learn it. Foolish and absurd Histories, of almost every part of the World, have been put into his hand to study, but none of his own country.—No, no; he is to learn the vices and the politics of the *French* and *Italians*; those of his own country he is supposed to know instinctively. Yet after all, they will tell you he is meant for a plain, downright *Country Gentleman*, and an *Honest Man*; but that all this is learnt with more facility Abroad than at Home. For Heaven's sake, sir, tell me, What can the Women have to value themselves upon in a nation where the wisest men are infatuated thus, as they are in *England*? For my part, I shall not be at all surprized, if the Women of England were to become *Elephants* and *Dromedaries*, and carry castles full of these Buffoons upon their backs, with as much ease as they would carry gauze handkerchiefs and *Shawls*.—Whither, in the name of patience, will Folly lead us!

Now, my good sir, if you would indulge yourself in writing Letters, this is the proper opportunity.---Here I would advise you to take up your Pen. It is a general Depravity that calls for your Reprehension. Don't stop impertinently to abuse the Duchess of *D.* as an individual. Let your sober, and ethical epistles be pointed at the Follies of mankind in general. Mend the World; and never fear but every Lady of Fashion will receive a Benefit from your reformation.

But, sir, as I draw near to a conclusion, I must say, that if your Meaning was a good one, the Duchess of *D.* ought to pay her acknowledgements to you, tho' at the same time she may pity you.

But after all, sir, perhaps your letter may prove to have been addressed to a lady you never saw in your life,---to one whose real character you never heard; and to one whose Merit, consequently, you can be no judge of. If this should be the case, how much precious time I have thrown away upon you in this poor, infirm Answer to your Epistle. But as my letter is meant to defend a very valuable young woman, to whom much Literary Insolence hath been offered, my good design, I hope, will make my apologies to the world for any thing which I have advanced, in the hurry of writing, that may prove absurd or incorrect.

And now, good Mr. *Letter-Writer*, for fear I should have been less zealous, as an Advocate for the Duchess, than you have been austere against her, I had rather suffer

suffer my Partiality to exceed your Austerity, as I know the judicious and humane part of mankind, will ever commend Partiality on the good-natured side of the question, sooner than Impartiality, when attended with rancour and moroseness.

Permit me, sir, to sum up my opinion of her Grace as briefly as possible, by telling you, That the Duchess of *D.* is a young woman who, without contemplating her thro' the medium of Prejudice, would make the *Deity* adored in a land of *Atheists*! I declare this seriously, sir, and will endeavour to imprint this truth upon your mind, by leading you, thro' paths almost impervious, into the dark regions of *Physiognomy* and *Hypothesis*. But here, sir, as there are too many windings to expect your following me, I will shorten the matter to save you trouble: And I will assert, without diffidence, that from studying the laws of *Physiognomy*, I am so well skilled therein, as to pronounce the Duchess of *D.* (with proper deference to the first Grand Dogma of our Religion) to be naturally *amiable*!---to be a compound of such Chords, as (to use the harmonic language) produce, in effect, a good Musick! A Being so organized, and with so exact a symmetry, as well corporeal as in consequence intellectual, as is, and must be---the Symmetry and Frame of a Being *essentially virtuous*. I shall not stop to give my reasons, for such bold assertions as these. I shall not insist upon your knowing, Whether the Mind has a power of transmitting the inward Pictures of itself, and its Properties, as objects, to the eyes; and of leaving them as in a *Camera Obscura*, to be read there: Or whether the eyes from outward objects, stores and colours the mind, and excites, from sensation or reflection, peculiar Ideas, for and by which she makes her determinations; for as these are abstruse kind of reasonings, I think it prudent to wave them, and only insist, That there is something intrinsic, something latent, in every man's heart, which so models, marks, and disposes his features, as to leave observers the fullest assurances of his natural innate Disposition.

One of the *Roman* Historians, or Biographers, was so struck with effects of this kind, that he asserts, "When *Cataline* was found in the field of Battle, (in which he fell) that, altho' he was dead, his Features retained that strange Ferocity which, when alive, had made him so very formidable to all mankind."---But, sir, lest formidable ideas, and ideas of *Horror* and *Ferocity*, should sink too deeply upon your mind, let me expunge them all, by begging you to go to the *Haymarket* the first time the Duchess of *D.* goes to the Opera---observe her attentively---peruse her minutely.---Then conclude with *POPE*,

If she the Front Box grace,
Behold the First in VIRTUE as in FACE.

I am, Sir, Yours,

DEMOCRITUS.

